Moore-ditch?

Fals. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſmiles, and art indeede the moſt comparatiue raſcalleſt ſweet yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethe trouble mee no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Counſell rated mee the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir; but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wiſely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely, in the ſtreet too.

Prince. Thou didſt well: for Wiſedome cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regardes it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou haſt done much harme vnto me *Hal*, God forgiue thee for it: Before I knew thee *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, If a man ſhould ſpeake truely, little better than one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life; and I wil giue it ouer: By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: Ile be damned for neuer a Kings ſonne in Chriſtendome?

Prince. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow, *Iacke?*

Falſ. Zounds, where thou wilt lad, I le make one: and I do not, call me villaine, and Baffell me.

Prince. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purſe taking.

Falſ Why, *Hall*; tis my vocation *Hall*: tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poynes.*

Poynns. Now ſhall we know if Gads hill haue ſet a match: O, if men were to bee ſaued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent Villaine that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned.*

Poïnes. Good morrow ſweete *Hall.* What ſayes *Mounſieur* Remorſe? What ſayes ſir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy ſoule, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good-friday laſt, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir *Iohn* ſtands to his word, the Diuell ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer a breaker of Prouerbes: hee will giue the Diuell his due.

Poines.

Poines. Then art thou dam
the diuell.

Prince. Elſe he had been da

Poy. But my lads, my lads,
clocke early at *Gads hill*, there
ry with rich offrings, and Tr
purſes. I haue vizards for yo
ſelues: *Gads-hill* lies to night in
per to morrow night in *Eaſtch*
ſleepe: if you will goe, I will ſt
if you wil not, tarry at home a

Falſ. Heare ye Yedward, i
hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Falſ. *Hal*, wilt thou make

Prince. Who, I rob? I a the

Falſ. Ther's neither hone
ſhip in thee, nor thou camſt n
dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillin

Prince. Well, then once in

Falſ. Why, thats well ſaid.

Prince. Well, come what

Falſ. By the Lord jle be a t

Prince. I care not.

Poin. Sir *Iohn*, I prethee lea
lay him down ſuch reaſons fo

Falſ. Wel, God giue thee th
eares of profiting, that what t
he heares may be beleeued, th
tion ſake) proue a falſe theef;
want countenance: farewell,

Pri. Farewel the latter ſpri

Poy. Now my good ſweet h
row. I haue a ieaſt to execute,
Falſtaffe, *Harney*, *Roſsill*, and
we haue already way-laid; yo
and when they haue the boot
cut this head from my ſhoul

B

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